GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night.
The tiny stars peep out on high;
The silvery moon; the dark blue sky,
The zephyrs whisper; the owls cry.
Good-night.

Good-night.
The busy marts of trade are still;
The water murmurs o'er the mill;
While softly sings the whippoorwill.
Good-night.

Good-night.
The children scamper off to bed,
And "Now I lay me down," is said;
The candle snuffed, the Bible read.
Good-night.

Good-night.
The church bells toll; the west winds sigh;
The hearth fires flicker, and then die,
While prayer is raised to God on high.
Good-night.

Good-night.
So when the night of death is nigh,
And Heaven's gates before us lie,
We'll gently whisper as we die:
Good-night.

—Gordon V. May, in Leslie's Monthly.

After Twenty Years

By William Wendham.

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MAJ. GILLESPIE, was distinctly old-fashioned. "Old-fashioned and out of date and irritable and cranky, by George, sir," said he to himself as he watched the blue flames struggle unsuccessfully to leap into something like cheerfulness. "Even my fire won't burn. I've jawed every man in the office to-day, quarreled with every client I have seen, bullied the janitor and spent the intervening time in hating myself. I guess Eastman is right. I ought to take a vacation, and see if I can't get into some sort of harmony with things in general."

What was it all worth, anyway—these days and nights of toil? To be sure, he was successful, far beyond the measure that comes to the average man, his reputation was high in the profession—the greatest cases came to him, and he generally won them. His name stood high in the community, and honors on the bench or in political life waited him at any time he would accept them. But these things held no fascination for him. For 20 years his life had been centered in this old-fashioned back office. He had enjoyed no social life and little companionship with his fellows, excepting his relations with his partners, his clients and his opponents in the courtroom. He trembled to think of the result should he lose interest in his work.

And yet it had not been always so, nor was he by nature designed for a life apart from his fellows. In his younger days he had been a prince of good fellows, and had numbered his friends by the score.

But this was before the broken chapter in his life, and that broken chapter had changed all the rest of the story. He thought as he tried to coax some warmth out of the grate how different it all might have been. He arose and locked the door leading to the outer office, and then he went to the old-fashioned safe, and, unlocking a drawer, took from it an old daguerrotype. Going back to his seat, he contemplated the portrait long and earnestly. It was the face of a beautiful, high-spirited, impetuous girl.

This was the face which had caused the broken chapter. As he looked at the old daguerrotype his features softened and he lived over again the old days when all the horizon was rose-colored. This was away back when he was a boy. He was accounted a smart boy and was making strides in his profession, and every effort and every ambition was centered upon Amy Lester. She liked him, too—there was no doubt of that. Even now, at a distance of 20 years and with the keenest knowledge of men and affairs, he did not doubt that she loved him in the old days. They had been youthful sweethearts and had built all the air castles of two lives upon a united future. Then came the firing on Sumter and the call to arms by President Lincoln. The blood of the major quickened a little even at this distance of a quarter of a century as he recollected the thrill with which that call had been received. A delirious month or two and he had found himself at the front. There rolled before the memory of the major all the excitement, the dangers, the deprivations, the heroisms of those dreadful four years; his steady advancement until he was mustered out a major of volunteers.

The perspiration rolled from his face as he remembered his homecoming and found that Amy had plighted her troth to another—one far richer than he and the choice of her family. He had never asked her to marry him. He had always supposed it to be understood. They had written continually, and although her letters had grown more formal he had been so engrossed in his soldierly profession that he had scarcely had the time to wonder what the cause was. So the full knowledge of the truth, when he arrived home, nearly took him off his feet. His great pride kept him from doing anything to prevent her marriage, even had it been possible, and so she had faded from his life, and with her all the joy and all the hope he had ever cherished. Then followed the weary years in the profession to which he had turned.

A knock aroused the dreamer, and hastily stuffing the picture in his pocket he opened the door. It was a card from one of his most profitable clients, for whom he had recently won a hardly-contested lawsuit.

"Show him in," grunted the major, grudgingly.

Accordingly in bustled Peter Vandelmeier, prosperous, pushing, self-complacent, but apparently somewhat worried.

"You have got to get possession of that Fletcher property, that's all there is to it, major," said Vandelmeier, as he seated himself and mopped his brow. "Oh, I know you are not a sheriff or a marshal or anything of that kind," he went on, as he observed the major's rising ire, "but what good will our decision do us unless we get possession of the property? There is a funny condition down there. A chit of a girl—grandchild of old man Fletcher—is in possession, and she seems to be too much for the officers. They have failed utterly to get her out and have about given it up as a bad job. We have but two more days, according to the verdict. Now, I want you to go to Cherrydale yourself. You will have all the officers you want, but they are frightened and need somebody to direct them. Name your own fee, of course, but you've got to go. You know how important it is to our general plan that we get possession."

The result was that Maj. Gillespie found himself the next afternoon at the depot of the little town of Cherrydale, some 40 miles from home.

After making some inquiries at the country tavern he decided to begin operations at once, so as to end the disagreeable task as soon as possible, and was driven to the Fletcher homestead on the outskirts of the town. He went to get the lay of the land and left the officers sent with him, at the tavern. He found an old-fashioned country place—a big, homelike house surrounded with great trees in the midst of a farm of great natural beauty, rolling meadows and fruitful fields traversed by a rippling brook.

"By George, I don't blame anybody for wanting to keep such a place," said the major to himself, as he left his carriage and walked up the shrub-lined lane.

In response to the knocker a grim old woman opened the front door far enough to let the major see that it was fastened with a chain inside, and in response to his request to see Miss Fletcher was told to wait on the porch and she would see him there. As the major stood smiling at the crude attempt to thwart the edict of the law, and inwardly fuming at the trivial necessity for taking him so far from his snug bachelor apartments, the door opened and immediately he heard the chain rattle into place again. Turning, he lifted his hat to the girlish figure in the doorway. It was a perfect type of budding womanhood, the major noted briefly, just before his eyes rested on her face. Then with a start the hat dropped from his hand and he grasped the railing for support.

"Amy!" he gasped, his hand seeking his brow with a gesture of bewilderment. For there before him in the flesh stood Amy Lester, the sweetheart of his boyhood, just as she had looked on the day he had left her to go to the war. Not a day older, not a feature changed! And he knew she had died these ten years ago. Had he lost his mind? Had paresis overtaken him in the prime of life? He stood transfixed, with trembling limbs and staring eyes.

"Amy Fletcher, if you please, sir," replied the young woman, with some spirit. "And what is your business here, may I ask?"

"I must beg your pardon," said he, with courtly grace. "You reminded me so strongly of an old and very dear friend."

"You were a friend of mamma's, then?" inquired the girl. "Her name was Amy Lester."

"Yes; she was once a very dear friend of mine," replied the major, gravely.

The girl, who had been standing defiantly, with eyes flashing, softened visibly.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came. I'm in the most dreadful trouble, and they are trying to take the old place away from me; but they won't do it. I'll never let them. I'll die first. Grandpa told me never to let them do it, and that they had no right, and I won't. But it's so hard for a girl who don't know anything about business or law or anything to combat all those men. I need a friend. Indeed I do, and if you were a friend of mamma's you will be my friend; I know you will. You will help me, won't you? You are so big and strong. And you know all about these horrid business things; I know you do. And—and you—you are kind—and honest; I know you are. Tell me—tell me what to do."

The major looked at her in amazement. Here was a situation indeed.

"Tell me all about it," he said, with a tremor in his voice.

They sat down on the rustic bench together—and the major's tall, soldierly figure thrilled as it had not for 20 years, and he could not realize that it was not the other woman—the woman of 20 years ago—who was seated beside him, as she had been so often in the old days. She told him her pathetic story—how she had been left an orphan to her grandfather's care, and how he had died a year ago in the midst of a quarrel with a big land syndicate that sought to acquire his property, and had told her that the negotiations had not been closed, although some papers had passed. He warned her never to yield possession of the property. Then there had been lawsuits, and now they were trying to eject her from the house in which she was born and to deprive her of all she had in the world. Going further into the matter, the major learned many things that had puzzled him during the trial of the case involving the property, and discovered how a great injustice had been wrought.

"Do not be afraid," said he, rising abruptly. "You will be harassed no more."

He went straight back to the city, and there was an interview with Vandelmeier—the stormiest, it is said that ever occurred in the major's old-fashioned back room—and the result was that certain checks bearing the major's signature passed to Vandelmeier and the deed to the Fletcher estate passed to Amy Fletcher.

There was the glow of long-deferred youth on his face and the agility of a boy in his soldierly carriage as he sprang up the steps with the deeds in his pocket. She did not entertain him on the veranda this time, and before the day was over she invited him to enjoy a short season on the estate he had saved for her—she did not know at what cost. He remembered Eastman's admonition that he needed a vacation, and he decided to spend it.

There really is no need of telling the rest of this story, for the major was in the very prime of life, despite his iron-gray hair, for a life of moderation and regularity had left him in perfect health, and she had been drawn to him from the first by that subtle attraction always felt by daughters for the unsuccessful suitor for the mother's hand. As for the major, he never could realize that it was not his Amy of old to whom he was paying court.

It might be added that after the wedding the major, greatly to the delight of his partners, abandoned the old-fashioned office and the firm moved into palatial quarters in the newest building in the city.

MOTHER ON THE STREET CAR.

Trials of Street Car Conductors with Children Who Do Not Grow Old.

"There, that's over with, and it's a great load off my mind," said the street car conductor as he got back to the rear platform and made vigorous use of his handkerchief on his face and neck.

"You mean collecting fares on a crowded car?" asked a passenger.

"I mean the getting through with the seven women and 16 children I have on this trip," he explained. "Luck happened to be with me, and I'm only hoping that I may get through the day all right. I've been laid off for a week, you know."

"For what?"

"For doubting a mother's word in regard to the age of a child. I've got four children at home, and 'most anybody would say that I ought to be something of a judge, but I'm brought up with a round turn every trip. If it wasn't for the spotters I'd pass all the children as being under three years of age."

"You have to collect half fare for all over that age, eh?"

"I have to try to, and there is where the trouble comes in. Not one mother in 20 is willing to pay any fare at all for anything under a boy who is just ready to get out of knee breeches. Of the 16 children on this car all but two are certainly five years old, and yet I collected only three half fares. If there is a spotter on this car I'm booked for another lay off, but it was either that or a row with the mothers. When I come along to a mother who shuts her jaw and gives me the icy glare I realize that her mind is made up, and it's either let her beat me or have a row."

"But why do they kick?"

"For various reasons. When you have dead headed a child for three years it's pretty hard to begin paying fare. As a rule, too, anybody will beat a street car if possible and feel no shame over it. The woman who got me laid off had a son five years old with her. She had been riding on my car for months with that kid and passing him off for not quite three years, when I thought to do a smart thing for the company. I insisted on her paying fare for him, but I lost in the shuffle. She went to headquarters and complained of my impudence, and instead of collecting five cents for the company I was $12 out of pocket."

"And do mothers deliberately lie to you to save a fare?"

"Say, now, but you ought to run a car for just one day. A woman who wouldn't lie to a neighbor on her life will turn a conductor down without the least hesitation. It is not considered a sin to do that. I have a brother who was running a car on this line up to a month ago. A woman tried to pass a five-year-old boy for nothing and he insisted on half fare and got it. She turned out to be the general manager's wife and, of course, the conductor got the bounce. What is that old saying about truth?"

"That it is mighty and will prevail."

"Yes, I remember, but the man who got that off lived before the days of street cars. I'm telling you, sir, that of the folks who travel by car, men or women, only about one in ten is thinking of truth, and even he is wondering how he can work off a plugged quarter or a lead nickel on the conductor."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SEA WATER AS MEDICINE.

It Is Not Pleasant to Take, But Its Effects Are Good for the Health.

When a bather at Atlantic City the other day accidentally swallowed a big sup of sea water and then rushed off to get a drink of whisky to take the taste out of his mouth a successful medical practitioner who had witnessed the performance said:

"That man is either a greenhorn or a fool. Otherwise on such occasion he would have taken merely a sip or two of lemonade and allowed the sea water to do its work. As a matter of fact, one of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia.

"Clean sea water, such as is to be had at any of our numerous fashionable seaside resorts, is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed, two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It is not, of course, a palatable or tempting dose to take, but neither is quinine or calomel. You seldom, if ever, see an old sailor who is bilious or dyspeptic, or a victim to insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky, and he doses himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged."—Washington Star.

A Hawaiian Temple of Refuge.

Kawaihae's one remaining point of interest is the ruins, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kamehameha the Great. It is the very last of the Heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—for into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in parallelogram form, about 220 feet long by 100 feet wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is laid off in terraces and paved with smooth flat stones. The wall uphill is eight feet high, and on the downhill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base. —Caspar Whitney, in Harper's Weekly.

Pie Has the Place of Honor.

The people of Bulgaria are cordial to strangers. In visiting a Bulgarian home you are expected to take off your shoes and put on your hat. At the dining table the entire family sits cross-legged upon the ground around a table not more than a foot in height. Meats, vegetables and other edibles are cooked together and so served. There are no potatoes in Bulgaria. Pie is given the greatest distinction at the dining table and it is considered ill-mannered for one to accept a cut when it is offered the first time. After two or three entreaties you may then accept a portion.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS

Painful Ignorance.

"That's a beautiful child," said the elderly bachelor, looking with great apparent interest at the baby. "It seems to be biting its finger nails. Aren't you afraid to let it do that? I was reading only the other day about the injuriousness of that habit in children. It destroys the nails and is bad for their little stomachs."

"I hardly think she'll bite her nails to hurt," stiffly replied the mother. "She's only three months old."—Chicago Tribune.

Doubtful Compliment.

"Did you read my new book?" asked the very new and very young author.

"Yes," rejoined the party of the other part.

"Did you like it?" queried the y. y. a.

"My dear boy," replied the homegrown diplomat, "I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."—Chicago Daily News.

Up a Stump!

Aunt Geehaw (at restaurant, whispering)—Oh, Joshuway! you musn't pick your teeth at the table with a fork! It ain't swell!

Uncle Geehaw (desperately)—What am I goin' to pick 'em with, then? I read you mustn't never put your knife in your mouth in polite sassiety!—Brooklyn Eagle.

All in the Adjective.

If Oldboy's merely called a dog
Ready to fight is he,
But if a sad dog he is called
He thinks it flattery.
—Chicago Tribune.

THE MODERN DUEL.

Small Man—Yes, sir, he's a contemptible scoundrel, and I told him so!
Big Man—Did he knock you down?
Small Man—No; I told him—er—through the telephone.—Sketch.

Then and Now.

"Minerva, dear," he called her when
He was tied to her for life;
But things are different now than then,
And she's called "My nervy wife."
—Chicago Daily News.

A Broken Engagement.

"I hear your engagement with Miss Minks is broken off? How's that?"

Hill—Well, you see, that beast of a parrot of hers was always yelling: "Oh, Charlie, you shouldn't."

Hampson—But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret.

Hill—No, and my name isn't Charlie. —Glasgow Times.

Black Ingratitude.

Miss Titters—So your husband has been sick, has he? Did you get a nurse for him?

Mrs. Cooke—No; I nursed him myself.

Miss Titters—How grateful he must have been!

Mrs. Cooke—Not he; he grumbled at the beef tea just because I flavored it with cream and sugar.—Brooklyn Life.

Ambition.

My happiness would be complete
With what I have if I
Could know that no one else below
The sky had more than I, and no
One else stood quite as high.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

ENTIRELY SUB ROSA.

Daughter—My betrothed must love roses, for when he sends me flowers he always chooses roses.

Father—Then I don't understand why he should want to marry you.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Delusion.

Man's self-esteem will now and then
Make honest judgment fail;
For sometimes he's a Jonah when
He thinks he is a whale.
—Washington Star.

Too Economical.

"I understand that he has long been a student of political economy," said the visitor.

"He has," said Senator Glucose, "and his economy in politics has kept him out of office. He thinks he can be elected without spending a cent." —Brooklyn Life.

Clear Out of Key.

"Lucy, where's that other tall beau you used to have?"

"Laws', Miss Nancy, I don' went back on dat man; he didn't have no taste at all—dat man wo' sllver shirt studs when he had a gol' front toof." —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Foreign Language.

First Boston Baby—What's your name?

Second Boston Baby—I don't know yet; they still talk baby-talk to me. —Puck.

Father and Son-in-Law

"I do not feel the confidence I would like to in that young man you are engaged to," said Ethelinda's father. "He talked about nothing but the stock market while he and I were together."

"Yes," answered Ethelinda. "He's a little worried about that conversation himself. He says that if you don't know any more about stocks than you appear to, he's liable to have to support the entire family." —Washington Star.

Figure It Out.

When we want advice that's helpful
We must buy it, all agree.
We get nothing good, for nothing.
That's not good for nothing. See?
—Philadelphia Press.

SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Stout Party—Now, then, waiter, what have you got?

Waiter—Calves' brains, deviled kidneys, fried liver—

Stout Party—Here! Bother your complaints. Give me the menoo! —Puteh.

Yearning for the Impossible.

"If I had a million dollars—"
Just then he stopped to think,
And said: "If I had a quarter
I'd go and ge' a drink."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where the Difference Lies.

"You speculate occasionally, I believe?"

"No; I regret to say that I gamble in stocks."

"What's the difference?"

"Why, it's speculation when I win, and it's gambling when some other fellow gets the best of it. I thought everybody knew that."—Chicago Post.

An Up-to-Date Bishop.

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or as Dr. William Everett would say, "To deposit him in a cavity," asked in an open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car. "Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied; "do you know any easier way?"—Boston Christian Register.

A Question of Proof.

In spite of thorns let roses live;
Midst faults, let friendships thrive anew,
If there were nothing to forgive
How could we know that love is true?
—Washington Star.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The Swain—I wish that frog would go away. I don't like to propose in public.—Chicago American.

Joys of the Suburban Householder.

Now come the moist and sticky days.
'Tis sultry everywhere.
The music from the frog pond steals upon the evening air,
'Tis time to put the screen doors up, but all the screws are gone.
The cottonwood is shedding, and the plantain's on the lawn.
—Chicago Tribune.

Rank Heresy.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Why did you expel her from the Woman's club?

Mrs. Dorcas—She made a motion that instead of engaging a professor of Hindu philosophy we should hire some one to teach us how to step off a car, how to sharpen a pencil and how to carry an umbrella in a crowd. —Town Topics.

It Was Very High.

They were speaking of the wedding.

"It was a high church affair, I understand," suggested one.

Here the head of the house and father of the bride became suddenly interested.

"High!" he exclaimed. "High! Well, if you had to pay the bills I guess you would think so."—Chicago Post.

Wealth Brings Freedom.

Silas—These blamed city table manners are all bosh. If I only had a few thousand dollars I'd show you how to eat with my knife.

Cyrus—Suppose you had a few millions?

Silas—Gosh! Then I'd sharpen the carvin' knife on my boot.—Chicago Daily News.

The Cloud.

He—There, dear, after toiling and planning for years, we have at last been able to buy this beautiful home, and you ought to be perfectly happy.

She—But I'm not.

He—What's the matter?

She—I know we shall never be able to sell it.—Harper's Bazar.

Better Than Evidence.

Jaggies—His lawyer is getting him a new trial. Did he find more evidence?

Waggles — No. The prisoner's friends found more money.—Town Topics.

The Woman of It.

Mr. Meddergrass—Here's a letter from Sister Sary.

Mrs. Meddergrass — Read the pos'script first. I am anxious to hear the news.—Baltimore American.